

WHICH OF THESE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESSES WILL BE THE MOTHER OF THE KING OF ITALY?

A Royal Rivalry Unique in History Between the Ambitious Young Duchess of Aosta and

the Lovely Princess of Naples, With Dr. Schenk, the Sex Scientist, as a Mutual Ally.



THE PRINCESS OF NAPLES

PHOTO BY ADÈLE, VIENNA

THIS IS THE PRINCESS WHO HAS NO CHILD.

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THE birth last week of a son to the Duchess of Aosta was a great event at the Italian court.

The beautiful Duchess and the equally beautiful Princess of Naples are rivals in strange fashion.

The Duchess, who was Princesse Helene d'Orleans, married the Duke of Aosta, oldest nephew of the King of Italy, hoping that she would one day be Queen and the mother of a King.

King Humbert's only son, the Prince of Naples, was very ill, and it was believed he would never marry. In that case the Duke of Aosta was destined to continue the succession.

After Princess Helene d'Orleans had become Duchess of Aosta, the Prince of Naples, to everybody's surprise, married the buxom and beautiful Princess Helene of Montenegro. His mother, Queen Margherita, promoted the match. She promised the bride her splendid jewels as a reward.

This union was expected to give an heir to the Prince of Naples, and oust the Duke of Aosta. The Duchess was disgusted and left her husband.

Expectation with regard to the new Princess of Naples failed. She had no son. Then the Duchess of Aosta became reconciled to her husband, and, aided by Dr. Schenk, furnished an heir to Italy's throne.

But the Princess of Naples has not abandoned all hope. She, too, has called in Dr. Schenk, and another visit of the stork is expected at the Roman court.

HISTORY does not record a stranger drama than the rivalry between the Princess of Naples and the Duchess of Aosta.

This drama is being played at the Italian court at the present moment. Each princess is beautiful and supremely ambitious. Each is desirous of furnishing an heir to the throne of Italy. That is, in brief, the plot of the drama.

The Duchess of Aosta has triumphed for the time. She has just become the mother of a son who will be King of Italy if his uncle, the Prince of Naples, shall remain without a son.

The Duchess of Aosta called in the great Dr. Schenk, of Vienna, to aid her in achieving her purpose. He justified his claim that he can conduce to the birth of male children. If the Duchess had borne a girl she would have been no nearer to the accomplishment of her ambition. Fate and Dr. Schenk ordered it otherwise.

When the Princess of Naples saw the triumph of her rival, she, too, called in Dr. Schenk. Rumor has it that another visit of the stork is awaited at the Roman court.

The Prince of Naples is the only son of the King of Italy, and will, of course, succeed him. His son, if he had one, would be in turn heir to the throne. As he has none, his father's oldest nephew, the Duke of Aosta, comes next to the Prince in the line of succession. The Duke has now a son, who seems destined, in the natural course of events, to inherit the throne.

These are the bare facts, but they are interwoven with details of intrigue, comedy, pathos, tragedy and infinite human interest.

Most appropriately the two princesses chiefly concerned bear the name of Helen. The immortal prototype of all loveliness. The Duchess of Aosta was Helene d'Orleans, an incarnation of French grace and beauty. The Princess of Naples was Helen of Montenegro, daughter of the forest mountain race in Europe, and an embodiment of its finest physical qualities.

The Princess Helene d'Orleans appears first in the drama. She is a daughter of the late Comte de Paris, the head of the House of Orleans, and claimant to the throne of France. Her family lived in England, and enjoyed the favor and friendship of Queen Victoria and the British royal family.

The Duke of Clarence, oldest son of the Prince of Wales, fell in love with her and she loved him. It was an instance of true devotion rare in royal circles. The Princess needed the consent of the Pope to her marriage with a Protestant. His Holiness refused this, although she begged on her knees. The Duke's family, too, was opposed to the match. Love's dream was impossible of realization, and the Duke became engaged to his cousin, Princess May of York.

In Helene d'Orleans love died, but ambition lived. She looked around the courts of Europe for a great match. The best she could find was the Duke of Aosta, oldest nephew of the King of Italy. His cousin, the Prince of Naples, son of the King, was then unmarried, and the Duke was regarded as the undoubted eventual heir to the throne.

The marriage took place in 1895, at Kingston-upon-Thames, in England, in the Roman Catholic Church, which the Orleans family attended. The Princess was then twenty-four years old, and in the full flush of her beauty.



THE QUEEN OF ITALY

PHOTO BY G. BROGIL FLORENCE



THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA

THIS IS THE DUCHESS WHO HAS AN HEIR.

The history of this other match is curious. Nothing is more illustrative of the degenerating tendency of European royalty than the fate of Victor Emmanuel's posterity. He was of unbounded natural vigor. His son, King Humbert, is a moderately strong and healthy man. He married his handsome cousin, the Princess Margherita of Savoy. The result of this union was an only son, the Prince of Naples, who was so sickly that his parents had the greatest difficulty in keeping him alive.

It was somewhat of a surprise that the Prince lived at all. When he grew up he decided himself that he was too sickly to marry.

Queen Margherita of Italy did not relish the idea of having Helene d'Orleans, Duchess of Aosta, installed as prospective mistress of the Italian court. She loved her sickly son and still cherished a hope that he might become the progenitor of future Italian kings.

The Prince of Naples's health improved notably. His mother sought a suitable bride for him and found the Princess Helene of Montenegro. She was black-haired and buxom, an embodiment of physical vigor as well as beauty. She had once been destined as a bride for the present Czar of Russia. The late Czar Alexander said that the humble princely family of Montenegro contained his only friends in Europe. He earnestly desired that his son should marry the Princess Helene. But Nicholas was obdurate and married his cousin, the Princess Alix of Hesse.

When a match was arranged between the Princess Helene and the Prince of Naples, it was regarded as a consolation prize. She was to occupy a throne after all, if a lesser one than that of Russia. From the Italian standpoint it was hoped that the union of this splendid young woman and the Prince of Naples would furnish sound heirs to the throne. The marriage was duly celebrated.

Thus the ambitious Helene d'Orleans found herself confronted at court by a rival Helen—her equal in beauty, her superior in rank. She affected to despise her, as a woman from a half barbarous court, but she could not ignore her splendid naturalness.

The Duchess of Aosta made her inoffensive and good looking young husband the chief victim of her disappointment. She cut him dead. She lived at the end of the palace farthest away from him. She spent all her time in her favorite field sports. Finally she left him altogether and divided her time between France and England. The King of Italy appealed to her. She paid no attention.

Two years passed, and the buxom Princess of Naples remained without an heir. It gradually began to dawn upon the Roman court that she would never become a mother.

The Duchess of Aosta still stayed away from her husband, and the King saw with dismay that the succession to the throne was not assured either through his son or through his nephews. At this juncture he ordered that all the latter should be married. Among them were the Count of Turin and the Duke of the Abruzzi, both of whom were in this country. They failed to comply.

Then the Duchess of Aosta stepped into the breach. She perceived that there was yet an opportunity to gratify her ambition. She consented, after she had been entreated by the royal family, to become reconciled to her husband. As a result she has a son, who is the first child of the House of Savoy of this generation.

But the Princess of Naples has not abandoned hope. She, too, has called in the marvellous Dr. Schenk, of Vienna. In a few months we may witness an interesting denouement.

NEW BOOKS OF RELIGION, FICTION AND SCIENCE.

"THE Bible of St. Mark" is the title volume is a handsome octavo bound in red under which Dr. Alexander Ross and gold, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"Was Christ Born at Jerusalem?" Dr. W. M. Ramsay appears to have answered this question for all time in an elaborate book on that subject. To dispel the doubts which have been cast on the historical place of Christ's nativity, Dr. Ramsay written than St. Mark's Church. Unique in the variety, wealth and precision of its sculptured marbles, of its gold and colored mosaics, it embodies the religion of a great commonwealth through long centuries. This church was really a museum during medieval times in which was wrought out in inscriptions, pictures and sculpture the whole religious conception of Christianity of that period. It was a veritable Bible in stone and painting, and this makes the title of the book singularly appropriate. The half tone pictures of the volume are from photographs representing not merely the architecture interior and exterior, but all the statuary and paintings with which it is decorated. The Putnam's Sons, New York.

PLAY GOLF AND GROW STRONG.

By Dr. Burdette J. O'Connor,
OF THE STATEN ISLAND HARBOR HILL GOLF CLUB.

(See Photographic Supplement.)

GOLF, in moderation, is an excellent thing for women. It is a splendid chest expander. It brings into action almost every muscle of the body. It especially develops the muscles of the back, which in most women are next to inactive all their lives.

It gives muscularity to the arms. It cures incipient diseases of the lungs. It is the best of cures for bad temper. It stimulates a torpid liver.

It forces women to take long walks in the sunshine and fresh air, a duty which they would shirk if it were not that golf is a fad.

It has no superior as a promoter of circulation. It is better exercise for women than cycling.

While excellent for some persons and some complaints, it is injurious to others. No one who is nervous to the point of disease should play golf.

No one having an affection of the kidneys should attempt the game. No one who has a disease of the lungs in an advanced stage should play.

I am an ardent believer in golf as exercise for women. It is greatly superior to bicycling for that purpose, for it possesses the advantages of wheeling with few or none of its disadvantages. Bicycling

in my opinion is more often injurious than that of the wrestler. The muscles of the chest and the great muscles of the thigh, the vastus externus and vastus internus and quadriceps extensor are also remarkably developed, but the greatest muscular development is in the back.

Golf is a regenerator of debilitated constitutions. Always remembering that a player should be started right, that the person who teaches her should see that her habits of playing are correct and do not entail over-exertion and that her golf sticks are not too heavy, it is safe to say that it is the best of developers of a system nearly if not quite normal.

Care should be taken that the heart is not weak, else the extreme muscular exertion of playing will give it more work to do than its enfeebled condition will permit.

The lungs must not be too weak or the exertion upon the links may cause hemorrhages. The game might accentuate an intense nervous condition and would aggravate kidney complaints.

But in the case of a normal, though undeveloped, constitution, golf will renew its strength "as the eagle's."

Primarily, the air and sunshine are the agents of rejuvenation. The muscular development, though desirable, is secondary. Play in moderation. Be careful to give no muscle more than it can do. Guard against over-exertion, and golf will make of you a new woman, new in the sense of greater strength of body and of mind, because of body.